

Four Days, January 12th, 1918.

Our Gift Coupon—A Special Concession—See Page 13.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXII. NO. 642 SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1918. ONE PENNY.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY



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HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

*Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.*

Vol. XXIII. No. 806.

Week ending Saturday, January 12th, 1918.

One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—KAISER."

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The Premier's Declaration.

We do not propose this week to comment in any detail upon the Prime Minister's latest statement of our "war aims." It will not bring us any nearer peace—Germany's reply will soon prove that. There is but one way to end the war—no talk will do it. But the speech will do what it was intended to do; it will placate labour and thus assist in the solution of the man-power problem. Willy little Welshman!

Watching Russia.

Of course Mr. Lloyd George also had one eye on Russia, and he has done his best by whittling down the "war aims" to suggest peace terms which might attract the revolutionaries, stiffen them against any fresh attempt to swallow the German bait and prevent, for them and for us, the disaster of a separate peace. That is a very legitimate object. May it succeed.

Dutch Auction.

But we are wondering when this kind of Dutch auction is going to end. Germany is not to be asked for any war indemnity, although her High Sea Fleet is practically intact and her mercantile marine unscathed. The insufferable Turk is to retain Constantinople and the fate of the German Colonies, for which we have shed so much blood and treasure, is to be put to the hazard of a vote of the blacks. And as to that "military autocratic constitution"—which is the soul of Prussian militarism—"after all that is a question for the German people to decide." Whither are we drifting?

Our Letter to the Premier.

We have now received a request from the Prime Minister to meet him for the purpose of "discussing the points raised" in our recent letter—printed in last week's issue. We are also having conferences with Sir Edward Carson and Lord Rhondda. More next week.

The Western Front.

Be prepared for some drastic changes. By the way, didn't we notice somebody very much like Sir Douglas Haig in Whitehall the other day?

Von Bissing.

May we inquire as to the progress being made by this distinguished invalid, and when he is likely to be well enough to be taken back to Islington Workhouse—even though he again has the Master's quarters?

Bravo, "Battersea"!

Hurrah for the Gas Company's boats! Following the famous and successful fight in the early days of the war between the gallant little *Wandle* and a U-boat, comes even better news. Of course, we mustn't mention the name of the boat, but "Battersea" should be proud.

"Lord Bettenclyffe."

We recently inquired as to the identity of this individual, who figures prominently in *Truth's* Christmas Number. We now learn that his real name is Lord Northampton!

Coming True.

What now about our warning to the Prime Minister? There were many empty tables and hungry mouths on the first Sunday in the New Year—and yet there is food for all!

The Meat Shortage.

Has it occurred to Lord Rhondda to send a few Inspectors to the various Cold Storages to ascertain just what meat is in stock? To relieve him of any doubt, we assure him that he has full legal power to do so.

"Honours are Easy."

Don't you think that whist phrase aptly sums up the New Year's Honours? One of the most interesting names is undoubtedly that of Mr. Edmund Browne ("K.C."). But we looked in vain for that of Mr. Handel Booth.

Those Steaks and Chips!

Many soldiers want to know exactly where it was that we came across some of the boys in the support trenches, cooking steaks and chips. The answer is—Arias.

"If You See It—"

M. Venizelos announces that he intends to provide the death penalty for all food hogs and profiteers. Just so!

Vandalism.

May we suggest, with all respect, that Sir Alfred Mond should keep his nose out of the British Museum?

"Comrades of the Great War."

We are inundated with inquiries as to our reasons for impugning the genesis and methods of this movement. We promise a full reply.

Suggestions Invited.

According to the *Egyptian Gazette*, we are shortly to be the recipient of a "Lloyd George Peerage." What shall be our title?

Ramsay and the Government.

We are still awaiting a reply to our question as to whether Mr. Ramsay Macdonald was recently offered a post in the Government. *What about that little breakfast with the Prime Minister the other morning?*

Sir Arthur Yapp.

Probably by the time these lines are read, Sir Arthur will have retired from his position of Director of National Economy. Which is "tidings of comfort and joy"!

The Y.M.C.A. Accounts.

A large number of letters have reached us, protesting against the enormous cost of administration, as revealed by us a few weeks ago. What says Sir Arthur? Surely economy begins at home.

Our "Fatuous Optimism."

From a Liverpool reader: "I have been to France and seen my dear son laid to rest there. I have three other sons in khaki, and a fourth expecting to be called up. I thank you with all my heart for the splendid way you have written. No, we shan't change our tone."

Teaching the Teuton.

Down Hounslow way German prisoners are driving, and being taught to drive, motor lorries. There are many of our own men who would be grateful for the tuition, and whom we could trust as much as we distrust the Huns.

The Petrol Pats.

Plenty of petrol, too, could be saved if German prisoners at work were made to walk to their jobs—with a bayonet behind them to keep them moving. At Durrington, near Salisbury, the Huns have but two or three miles to travel, but they are motored all the way, and the same applies to many other camps. Why not march them?

Sausageous.

On the complaint of a lady that all the sausages she bought and cooked vanished into fat, the Hanwell Food Control Committee have called upon Lord Rhondda officially to indicate the composition of a sausage and fix the price for the same. The population of these islands will await that definition with interest.

Playing at Patrols.

There seems something very rotten about the patrol arrangements at Falmouth. We hear that picture palaces are proving more enticing these cold nights than protecting British steamers. Three or four vessels were torpedoed one morning recently and many lives lost, and if the Admiralty don't wake up there may be a strike of mercantile sailors—not for better wages, but for better protection.

Little Willie's Savings.

A poor little boy saved up 5s. 8d. in the Penny Bank at South Bridge School, Edinburgh. A week before the Christmas vacation he asked for his prized wealth, and was told he could not get it. A polite note to the Head Mistress, asking for her help because the money was wanted "for clothes," won only the curt rejoinder: "I regret Willie is too late to withdraw money this year.—J. T. Eccles." Poor little Willie!

The Official Standpoint.

In a circular which is "common form" with the Insurance Committees, Panel Doctors are reminded that "it is in the interest of medical practitioners that care should be exercised in prescribing these particular drugs"—the "particular drugs" being those which have advanced considerably in price since the war. If the Panel patient cannot recover his health cheaply, let him do the other thing!

Falstaff's Regiment.

At Glamorgan the Appeal Tribunal is gathering in the lame, the halt, and the blind, on the principle of "let 'em all come." A tuberculous case was certainly adjourned, but a lame postman, confined to indoor work, has to join. So has an ex-soldier, discharged as unfit in 1910, suffering from rheumatism, flat feet, and partial deafness. He seems to be considered such a good case that he is classed A, grade 1. The poor fellow only wishes that description was correct.

A Grave Scandal.

There was what the reporters call "a chorus of protest" at a recent meeting of the Plymouth Board of Guardians, the subject of complaint being the scandalous unsuitability of the site reserved for the burial of persons chargeable to the parish. According to one member, "the paupers were buried in a tip-heap," so that "you could put a rod down and touch a coffin in an inch of earth." Finally, the complaints were referred to a committee—but the matter must not be shelved.

The Beneficent Cow.

It will be a great comfort to the general public to know that the milk industry is not really in such a horrible state of health as they have been led to suppose. For instance, returns presented to the Hendon Food Committee show that the profits of dairymen for three months ending November last worked out at from 37 2-3 per cent. to 41 1/2 per cent., "which the Chairman said was not a bad average." It may be, of course, that the profits are not wholly due to the beneficence of the cow. At least part of November may be included in the rainy season.

Gas and Conscience.

Up goes the price of everything and the value of nothing. The latest profiteering infliction is that of the gas companies, which are putting up the price of gas at the same time as they are attenuating its quality. To get any advantage from gas in these days you have to light a candle. Even then you can't always reckon on an adequate result; for it is at least a fifty-to-one chance that the manufacturers have adulterated the candle.

Farical Internment.

Twenty-two "interned" Huns, tree-felling at Churchstoke, have a nice farm-house to dwell in, and more food than the natives. Sacks of flour and carcasses of sheep are theirs, so they can have mutton chops for tea. In the evenings they roam the local shops, trying to buy more food and tobacco, and have such undue liberty that the girls are afraid to go out in the dark. Also it is said their guard consists of one officer—who resides a mile away!

A Good Man Gone.

Thanks to the energies, as Director of Cold Storage and Inland Transport of Food, of Mr. John Wardle, Commercial Manager of the Metropolitan Railway, the handling of refrigerated cargoes seemed on the mend. But now we notice Mr. Wardle has resigned—rumour assigning as the reason that he is disgusted at the way in which his schemes have been blocked by the Permanent Officials. When will these, literally, "old men of the sea," be got rid of—lock, stock and barrel? "Delays are dangerous."

In Secret Places.

Should you be in the near neighbourhood of Alexandra Park, your eyesight may be scandalised by numbers of women fumbling with their stockings, opening their blouses, or revealing their underskirts. But their intention is not indecent; they are only secreting forbidden articles which they are taking to the interned Huns. We say advisedly that women searchers should be at the gates of the Park, for the men of the National Guard are for decency's sake obliged to perform the duty in too perfunctory a fashion.

Where's the Shop?

According to Mr. Clynes, M.P., the Assistant Food Controller, the approximate weekly cost "of necessary foods" is 4s. 11d. per man, 4s. 2d. per woman, and 3s. 5d. per child. About three-quarters of the population are clamouring for us to tell them the name of the shop at which Mr. Clynes does business, as on hearing address of same they are at once going to shunt their custom there. On the other hand, Dr. Spriggs—also of the Food Department—calculates that the menu of a sedentary worker "ought not to cost a penny more than 4s. 11d. a day!"

Air Raid Rumours.

Rumour is a lying jade—at least, generally speaking—and Dr. Wynn Westcott, the Shoreditch Coroner, does well to warn the public to take no notice of the rumours of air raids constantly set in motion by male and female babblers. There are people about who seem to take a positive delight, by mysterious whisperings or loud-mouthed assertions, in spreading every sort of alarm about air raids calculated to upset the minds of nervous people. Our sympathy is certainly not with those who are caught in the act.

Canada Puzzled.

From a large number of letters we have received from different parts of the Dominion during the last four or five months, we gather that people in Canada cannot understand why the tea and sugar they send to friends and relatives in Britain are in every case annexed by the Government—"why," as a Vancouver lady puts it to us, "necessary articles of food, of which there is no shortage here, cannot be shipped when there are no restrictions on the mailing and delivery of magazines and newspapers, which take more room to ship." We have not heard any other reason given than that of discouraging the use of tonnage—but that argument is weak, as even mariners are not permitted to include a pound or two of it in their allowance of luggage.

"JOHN BULL" is the only weekly journal which insures you free against air raids. See Coupon, page III of Cover.

Rubbing It In.

One of the Germans interned on the Isle of Man is a masseur and is actually permitted the full exercise of his calling. He goes from house to house—nominally guarded by a soldier, who has to wait outside. Who knows what messages might be carried by an enemy allowed such wholesale privileges and liberty?

Hush!

In the course of the prosecution at Llanelli of the Star Tea Company for selling butter at an excessive price, the Town Clerk, Mr. H. W. Spowart, made bold to state that he had been approached by the Ministry of Food, "through a responsible official," with a suggestion that the proceedings should be "hushed up." We should like to hear the rest of that story.

Official Tomfoolery.

Just because there is a paper shortage and because the post is busy at Christmas time, the Food Control Committee at Southend—and perhaps others elsewhere—seized that period to send out printed circulars in foolscap envelopes telling all and sundry they could procure farthings—in five-pounds' worths—by asking for them at their Bank. As an example of official tomfoolery, it will be hard to beat.

Exploiting the Stage.

The Licensor of Plays has not heard of the war nor of Bolo. One play, called "Searchlights," has for its hero a German, quite lovingly portrayed and "really a dear old fellow." Another, "The Luca of Perusalem," by Bernard Shaw, has for its star the Kaiser himself in disguise. He talks about the war "very divertingly," and about his six or seven sons and their "harmless hobbies." Such productions serve one purpose—toleration of the "misunderstood" enemy.

Wycombe's Way.

High Wycombe Tribunal has often come under notice, though we have not a ways had space to record its eccentricities. It heard in private some applications from a local firm, and dealt out six months' more exemption to a single man, secretary, who has already had twenty months. Another man, A1, got three months on top of fifteen—despite an order to join up in a month, made in May. He is a motor-car salesman, so surely business is slack enough for him to be spared.

Damning the Cinema.

At the West Wales Free Church Federation, the Rev. Trevor Jones, of Llanelli, has been damning the pictures with such vigour that he must have got as red in the face as boiled lobster. The cinema, he said, had a demoralising influence; it was damnation to religion, and he thought that in a few years his own church would allow no member to enter such a place. What a queer show Mr. Jones's church must be. No wonder so many people stay away to go to the pictures.

Fishy.

So impressed are the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries with the dietetic importance of the operation, that they have issued a special memorandum calling attention to the fact that though sprats are plentiful, consumers are few. Now, peradventure, this informative collection of gentlemen will tell us why, if sprats are so plentiful, they are so dear. In some of the London street markets on Christmas Eve they were selling at sixpence a pound. Who is getting away with the plunder?

The Judgment.

Six Horsham Magistrates, the Rev. E. D. L. Harvey in the chair, recently sat in judgment on George Leslie Hogsflesh, aged five. The allegation against this baby was that he did steal two eggs. P. C. Beacher kept observation at the hen-house, and, says the reporter, "the child was subsequently caught red-handed." Even so, one would have thought that with a parson in the magisterial chair the infant would have been sent home to his mammy with a scolding in his ear. Not so, however, for these six vigorous sticklers for the utmost rigour of the law sentenced him to six of the birch. Let them assume that we have caught them bending also.

Passed A1, fit for general service—the "John Bull" Pen. See Coupon, page 13.

Rare and Refreshing Rabbits.

Information received indicates that "people cannot understand why rabbits, which used to be 9d. and 1s. each, are now 5s. a couple." Think it is anything to do with the fact that in pre-war days rabbits were classed as vermin and are now regarded as table delicacies?

Ministerial Fatigue.

With some reservations, we accepted the assurances of the Government in regard to the export of British malt for supplying thirsty neutrals with beer—but we shall not be so easily satisfied in regard to such vital commodities as butter, tea, sugar and bacon, concerning which there are ugly rumours afloat. Is Lord Robert Cecil getting tired?

A Needed Undertaking.

We are glad to hear from the Pensions Minister that he has at length made arrangements for ensuring common civility to sufferers from shell-shock and similar maladies, applying for the pensions and allowances to which they are as justly entitled as the bearers of obvious wounds. To this undertaking Mr. Hodge must be strictly held. Some of the complaints that have reached us have been shocking.

In the Shipyards.

Men are wanted for the shipyards. Some of them are already there—good men; drillers, riveters, caulkers, platers, etc.—but they are put to navvying. This is just a specimen instance: "I am a caulker, 15 years' experience; volunteered under agreement to serve in my trade in the Army. I have done nothing but waste my time (labouring) at a shipyard in Somerset." These expert hands should be at their proper craft.

Shielding a Big Bug.

On a boisterous night, when workers were trying to get home, a section of the tram-lines at Stockport was held up for fifteen or more minutes because a bellicose person refused to leave an overcrowded car. Very great inconvenience was caused, many cars stood waiting, and a big crowd collected—but the police and Watch Committee have taken no action, and the local press discreetly veils the identity of the offender. The fact that he is said to be a local J.P. may have much to do with it.

Wicked Women.

Beautiful Bournemouth shelters some ugly beasts, visitors and settlers. Some of them—described by themselves, but by nobody else, as ladies—objected to the presence in the town of wounded and maimed men in hospital blue. The sight affected the creatures' nerves, and complaint arose that the landscape and seascape were spoiled. It is a shameful, discreditable story, but it seems that wounded men have been removed from the town, and patients at Boscumba are forbidden to enter it. What, gentle reader, is your opinion of those females?

It All Depends.

It was very kind and considerate of the Epping Justices merely to order the payment of 4s. costs in the case of Thomas Williams, a wine and spirit merchant, charged with supplying liquor during prohibited hours. In fact, if Williams had been an obscure citizen, instead of an ex-Councillor and Guardian of the Poor, we might be inclined to accept his good fortune as evidence of a change of heart on the part of the Magistrates, since the time—about 12 months ago—when they fined the wife of a soldier £5 and costs for a petty offence of this character at the "White Hart," Epping.

Pity the Poor Scot!

If anybody is entitled to the Scotch it is the Scots, seeing that it is the natural wine of their country, where there is now wailing and gnashing of teeth. "If you have a friend in the Government," writes a man o' Glasca, "will you kindly give him a hint that more whisky is required in Scotland, and that if it is not forthcoming there'll be a row? I went into a shop on Saturday and got a glass of whisky, and bang went 1s. 2d." A Glaswegian praying whisky for Scotland is like a Novocastrian praying coal for Newcastle, and after having paid 1s. 2d. for a wee drappie he may well break his heart as he prays.

THE TIDE HAS TURNED.

(We have received a long and interesting cable from our Special Correspondent on the Italian Front, Mr. A. G. Hales, from which we extract the following graphic first-hand description of the fighting which resulted in the Austro-German set-back.)

IT is my pleasing duty to record that the French Army in Italy has been able to strike a blow more telling than any of the Allied troops have yet been able to deliver against the common enemy. It was a blow delivered with all the characteristic vigour and élan of the French Army. The position assailed was a "key" position which may, and probably will, eventually unlock a good many miles of mountain front. While the Allied Commanders worked in conjunction, the actual blow was struck by French troops alone. In order to disguise their intentions the Allies turned their guns upon other "key" points, thus completely bewildering the enemy and outwitting him by superior strategy. The sector in question fell into our hands with a loss of life so small to us as to be almost unbelievable when the nature of the country is taken into consideration. The result may well be to alter entirely the whole plan of the Austro-German campaign, as the French success must throw their whole line from Mount Grappe to the end of the Piave River out of order. Already the enemy has felt the effect of the loss of this "key" position very severely, and has fallen back from a very threatening position he held. The actual engagement was crammed full of characteristic French brilliancy. Not a whisper of coming events had reached the watchful foe. This was a triumph in itself, as spies are very active and have been exceedingly successful in the past. Some of the best troops belonging to Austria held the "key" hill and ridge, while the French also had very high-class troops ready to throw into action. On the day of attack the Frenchmen were all "standing on their toes," eager as hounds to be unleashed. Both officers and soldiers were keen to prove to the Austrians, who have grown very arrogant of late, that the French are still their masters. The real attack was as sudden as a thunderbolt. The guns had ceased for a while, and the vedettes on both ridges were peering across the narrow valley that lay basking in wintry sunshine, giving no sign of the coming struggle. Security seemed to smile from the heights held by the Austrians. The French Commanding Officer had walked amongst his gallant men, speaking to them almost in whispers—telling them of the task that lay before them and bidding them in the name of France to live and die up to the great traditions of the army they had the honour to belong to. Both officers and men were keenly alive to

the effect this, the first tussle with the steel between Austria and France on the Italian Front, might easily have on all future engagements. Had the French General waited to be attacked instead of taking the initiative and assuming the offensive, the engagement would have lost a great portion of its ultimate significance. The conception of the bayonet attack was almost as brilliant an act of war on account of its moral meaning as for its military usefulness. Of the two positions, that held by the enemy was infinitely the stronger. All the advantages accordingly lay with him except brains and courage. Suddenly the scene on the French Ridge lost its semi-placid outline. Officers sprang into the open; orders of battle rang out on the crisp, frost-laden air; men leapt like magic from trenches into the full glare of sunlight and fell into line with the perfect precision of a long-handled machine. Down the slope of their own hill they rushed, like an avalanche, with bayonets fixed. The old war cry of indomitable France that in the days of the Grand Army had echoed amongst those mountains rang out clear and clarion-like, waking the echoes far and near in a thunderous burst of sound. France was sweeping on her foes in all the majesty of old-timesplendour, and the sight of the human avalanche seemed to strike terror into the hearts of the invaders. On the coveted ridge their big guns were silent and their quick-firing guns were still. The paralysis of man-mastery was upon them, and when the spell was broken their gunnery was so wild that it might as well have remained dumb. Down the slope like a river leaping from its bed went the veterans of France, and the splendid impetus of that lion-like rush carried them up the opposite slope over the enemy parapets into the enemy trenches. Then the bayonets were busy as steel flashed blue in the rosy sunlight. The foe was carried completely off his feet by the dash, the daring and the skill of our Ally. He fought like a rabbit, feebly and without heart. Some fled for safety, many fell, and nearly fifteen hundred prisoners, many guns and munitions of war, fell into the hands of the victors. And the proud "key" position, which they had fortified and as they thought made impregnable, was in Allied hands to hold and keep. Then the gallant men lined the ridge, and "Vive la France!" rang out in one deep, heart-stirring roar—a soul-stirring challenge to the German divisions on the further flank. Yes, I think the tide of war has turned.

PRISONERS HERE AND THERE.

LUXURY'S LAP AND STARVATION'S BRINK.

Further stories of disgraceful orgies by German prisoners come from Dunmow, Essex, where for Christmas there was a large fir tree from a farm, decorated with candles, and round it danced the Huns, singing German carols. A large German sausage was a prime bit served to them at the Dunmow workhouse. These prisoners, on farm work, are stated to be dealt with more generously by the farmers than are British farm labourers. Against this shameful coddling let us set another picture—that of a Christmas in Germany spent by British prisoners of war. The camp was at Gustrów, in Mecklenburg, and the Christmas dinner served to our prisoned men was composed of rice and water, flavoured with a little salt. However, the official "treat" of the season had been given two days earlier—on the 23rd of December. On that festive occasion 92 men were regaled with nine loaves of white bread, to share between them. There was also supplied a small salted herring, served raw, a pint of something called tea for the English prisoners, and of coffee for the 42 French among them. Yes, actually, that bare spread was a "treat," for the ordinary daily rations were: About a gill of soup for breakfast, about a pint for dinner, and a gill for tea, with a loaf (about 3 lb. nominal) of black bread every four days. A soldier who has suffered that treatment says that when he reads of German prisoners here gorging on the fat of the land, his "heart bleeds." Ours, we assure him, burns with hot anger.

A HUN IN THE STRAND.

SOME STRANGE FACTS ABOUT A TAILOR'S CUTTER.

Of special interest to the tailoring trade is the fact that the Savoy Tailors' Guild, Ltd.—as it styles itself—has in its employment at 87-88, Strand a full-blooded German as cutter. His name is Werner, and he is not naturalised. When engaged on military work he is apt to come in contact with British officers, and we should imagine they would appreciate the position, if aware of it, as little as we do. We have made inquiries at the premises of the "Guild," and have some additional facts offered by the management in explanation. Werner is said to have been employed by them for ten years, and is described as "a clever man"—with respect to his trade, we presume. He is an old man of 60, and, though not naturalised, is regarded as "quite harmless." The police are said to be aware of his employment, and, unless they order his dismissal, the "Guild" does not see what good will be done by getting rid of him now. Such is "the other side" of the question, and its presentment needs but brief criticism. All Germans were considered "quite harmless" by many stupid people until they opened the eyes of the world to their unlimited villainy and calculated infamy. "Once a German, always a German" is a warning not to be forgotten, and—apart from matters of policy or wisdom—the "good" that would be done by getting rid of Werner would be the throwing open of a situation to a man British-born. To provide a decent living for one of our own race would be a good deed, worth doing by the "Guild."

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Lord Newton.

DEAR LORD NEWTON,—In view of your official responsibility for the welfare of British prisoners of war, I beg you to issue a public statement as to the fate of our brave fellows in Asia Minor, captive in the hands of the Turk. I would not willingly say a word to cause needless alarm, but the topic is one upon which an up-to-date statement is urgently needed, and I have the strongest of reasons for pressing the matter.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir A. Yapp, Director of National Economy.

DEAR YAPPER,—Don't you think it is high time you stopped your silly talk? While you are wasting breath in the pursuit of your fatuous economy campaign, poor women and young children are standing in the cold winter streets waiting to get a scrap of meat or an ounce of margarine. And yet you taunt them with such nonsensical injunctions as "Use less meat; serve just enough; use what is left." In God's name cease this fooling—shut up and clear out!

JOHN BULL.

To Oswald Stoll, Esq., London Coliseum.

DEAR MR. STOLL,—You, at any rate, are a courageous man, and when you state in the public press that you have on more than one occasion been offered a knighthood in return for money payment running into many thousands of pounds, I wish you would give chapter and verse. We can only crush the scandal of the sale of honours by pillorying those who traffic in the business. You would be doing a public service if you came out boldly and let the cat out of the bag, head and tail.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Reginald Toca, Caville Hall Farm, Howden, Yorks.

DEAR FARMER,—I have no hesitation in adding my censure to the smart reprimand you have already received at the hands of a Coroner's jury. It appears that a soldier temporarily in your employment died suddenly from natural causes, but in circumstances reflecting no credit upon you. It was clear that the poor fellow had been abominably treated, having slept under shocking conditions—his scanty bedding eked out with straw. I trust that for the future not a single soldier will be assigned to your tender mercies, or permitted to assist you in your farm work. Evidently you are quite unworthy of such an honour.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Balfour Symington, M.A., Reformed Presbyterian Church of Ireland.

DEAR GAS BAG,—I have no special acquaintance with the "Reformed Presbyterians"—for which fact, if they are all like you, I return humble thanks. However, I prefer to think that you are an exception, and that your recent scurrilous attack upon the Roman Catholic community, wildly imputing to the Jesuit Order responsibility for the present war, was an isolated outburst of sectarian savagery. The mischief of such language at the present juncture is that it tends to harden and perpetuate the differences that mar the peace and prosperity of Ireland. This you know as well as I do, and I am bound to say that you would need a lot more "reforming" before I should care to shake hands with you.

JOHN BULL.

To H. Heath, Esq., Shire Hall, Nottingham.

SIR,—You were the Chairman of the Bench of Magistrates the other day who saw fit to give the benefit of the doubt to Laurence R. Webster, baker, of Radcliffe Road, West Bridgford, when he was guilty of as gross a case of cruelty to a white fox-terrier as I ever remember. Because the animal worried his chicken he "saw red" on his own admission, hit it first with a piece of wood, breaking its leg; then he got a hammer and battered at its head, and, according to the veterinary evidence, before it was dead, buried the poor little victim of his insensate anger in his garden. It was contended that a man had a right to kill his own dog, and that there was no intentional cruelty. And you and your fellow-magistrates, Messrs. L. O. Trivett and H. Cox, let off this inhuman swine because the evidence was "very conflicting"! What is painfully plain is that you have neither sense nor sensibility.

JOHN BULL.

To Ian Macpherson, Esq., M.P., Under-Secretary for War.

DEAR FACTOTUM,—I take it for granted that you are already aware of the circumstances in which a young soldier, Corporal Joseph Birkett, died recently at Hull through swallowing his false teeth when eating. From all I hear, I cannot regard this tragic incident as an inevitable accident. In all likelihood, Birkett might be still alive but for the fact that he had a cracked plate which the Army dental authorities declined to repair on the ground that the man was "only in category B.2." It, therefore, seems correct to say that this promising soldier was murdered by red tape and official stupidity. Do you accept this verdict?

JOHN BULL.

To the Stipendiary Magistrate, Old Street Police Court, E.C.

DEAR MAGISTRATE,—Permit me to refer to that case at your Court in which a Russian was summoned for keeping a horse in a stable without food and water, so that the poor beast was reduced to gnawing the manger and eating the bedding of another horse. Upon these facts I should have expected the man to be convicted and sharply punished. However, your view of the matter was that the unfortunate animal had been "fed"—on straw and timber—though "not through any act of the owner," and upon this curious ground you dismissed the case. Not being a lawyer, I will content myself with saying that to the lay mind this decision seems among the stupidest on record.

JOHN BULL.

To Dr. Helen Y. Campbell, Chief Medical Officer, Infants' Clinic, Bradford.

MADAM,—At an inquiry into the death of a 12 months' old baby, recently under treatment at the Bradford Infants' Clinic, the Coroner's Jury returned a verdict that "the child had died from toxæmia, probably accelerated by exposure, caused by being discharged from the clinic while in an unfit condition." This was a most serious finding, and your statement that "the mother insisted on taking the child away" does not appear to me an entirely satisfactory one. Perhaps, in justice to yourself, you would care to let me have your version of the matter in somewhat greater detail than can be gathered from the newspaper reports.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P.

SIR,—If we did not know you for the creature you are there might be something surprising in your readiness to swallow the infamous peace terms of the Hun which the Russians have had the sense and patriotism to reject. In the grossly deceitful offer put forward by the Kaiser's myrmidons you see a renunciation of "all intention to destroy the political independence of any people whatsoever," and you dare to assert that "these declarations are made without any equivocation or ambiguity." The official organ of the Central Soviets in Petrograd give you and your Hun friends the lie direct. It exposes the "falseness and cynicism" of the conditions sought to be imposed, taunts the Germans with "putting on the garb of Democracy," and tears off that mask from these international perjurers. Yet you, in your shameless way, go bail for Germany. You out-Hun the Hun!

JOHN BULL.

To Harold Gregory, Poplar Grove, Swinton.

YOU HOUND,—Although you have shirked your duty as an Englishman and have refused to fight the unspeakable Hun, you do not mind inflicting cruel pain on a poor dumb animal. You deliberately struck a mare with a fork, and so grossly vicious was your assault that you knocked out one of the unhappy creature's eyes. "The right eye," it was given in evidence, "was hanging down on the cheek, and the only thing to be done was to clip it off and foment the eye socket." It was further stated that several complaints of your ill-treatment of horses had been made previously. You were fined only £3 at the Rothemere (West Riding) Police Court. You should have been flogged and sent to prison for the duration of the war—hound that you are!

JOHN BULL.

GROW BEAUTIFUL HAIR FREE.

A SUGGESTION ALL MAY ADOPT.

1,000,000 4-Fold Hair Beauty Outfits FREE.

HERE is a great opportunity and a valuable gift for every reader of this paper.

If you desire to look young and well-groomed, look to your hair. That is why the proprietors of the world-famous Hair - Growing Specific "Harlene" are offering 1,000,000 Outfits Free.

Here is a suggestion for you to adopt. Send for your Harlene Hair-Drill Four-Fold Gift and grow healthy, luxuriant and abundant hair.

Why not decide to-day to banish hair-poverty for ever? Why wear attenuated, thin, impoverished, lifeless locks of hair when all the rich sparkle and abundance of hair in its natural healthy condition is yours for the asking?

ACCEPT THIS WONDERFUL HAIR-BEAUTY GIFT.

There is no restriction to this gift distribution. It is sufficient that you are troubled with any form of hair "ailment," or that you desire to improve the appearance of your hair.

The Gift parcel comprises:—

1. A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food for the hair, which stimulates it to new growth. It is Tonic, Food, and Dressing in one.
2. A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."
3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."
4. A copy of the new edition of the "Hair-Drill" Manual, giving complete instructions.

No hair trouble can defy the soothing, strengthening effect of "Harlene" and its scientific method of application, "Hair-Drill."

Don't continue to suffer from

1. Scalp Irritation.
2. Complete or Partial Baldness.
3. Thin or Falling Hair.
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5. Over-greyness.
6. Scurf or Dandruff.
7. Unruly, Wiry Hair.

Prove the wonderful merits of "Harlene" for yourself without cost. The gifts referred to above will be sent to you immediately you post the coupon below.



You should avail yourself of this generous offer to learn of the most successful method of restoring and preserving hair-beauty.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain supplies of "Harlene" from your chemist at 1s. 10d., 2s. 6d., or 4s. 6d. per bottle. (In solidified form for Soldiers, Sailors, Travellers, etc., at 2s. 6d. per tin, with full directions.)

"Uzon" Brilliantine costs 1s. and 2s. 6d. per bottle, and "Cremex" Shampoo Powder 1s. 10d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 2d. each).

Any or all of the preparations will be sent post free on receipt of price direct from Edwards' Harlene, Limited, 20, 22, 24, 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.s. should be crossed.



FREE GIFT COUPON

Out out and post to EDWARDS HARLENE, LIMITED, 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs.—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as announced. I enclose 1d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing to my address.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your FULL name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Sent.")

JOHN BULL, 12/1/18.

New "Nerve Life"

The primary trouble in all phases of Nerve Exhaustion is starvation or semi-starvation of the Nerve Cells, the reason being that the sufferer fails to extract from his daily food the precious concentrated nutrient the Nerve Cells live and thrive upon. No medicine or tonic or stimulant can replace this lost nutritive substance, but by taking such false remedies the nerve sufferer sometimes feels a temporary improvement or exhilaration, which in due course passes away, leaving him worse than before.

How to supply the nerve cells of the debilitated with the essential nutriment they require has been the grave problem in all nerve prostrations. In the ordinary routine of life the vital organism of the body is kept alive by a rare, leathic substance which is obtained from the ordinary daily food, but when the body is run down, this substance is not properly assimilated by the blood and nerve centres. It was therefore found necessary to devise some method by which the essential nutriment could be conveyed into the blood, and from there to the nerve centres, in a highly concentrated and assimilable form.

After many hundreds of experiments, the discoverer succeeded in obtaining the substance most needed from the embryo of the chicken, and the results of this perfected preparation in Nervous Disorders (such as Insomnia, Fatigue, Brain Fog, Lassitude, Nervous Prostration, Premature Decline, Loss of Energy, Punditia, Neuralgia, Want of Concentration, and others too numerous to mention) have been most extraordinary.

THE WAY TO HEALTH. The main guiding principle of the modern preservation of health may be said "to prevent." It is far better to think in good time, "What CAN I do for my health?" than to one day have to say, "What MUST I do for my sickness?" While there is time it behooves you to put your bodily "house in order." Do not make the serious mistake of waiting until illness is knocking at the door with all the signs of a complete nervous breakdown.

MARVELLOUS RESULTS. The Muller Nutrient is a concentrated tonic nerve food, identical in character with the natural nutrient the Brain and Nerve cells live upon. It has great restorative value in cases of mental and physical exhaustion, and yields results which may come rapid but only temporary improvement. Its good effects are LASTING.

THE GREAT PROBLEM. This remarkable Preparation is assimilated in ONE HOUR, and quickly creates a feeling of new mental and physical vigour. It is followed by no reaction, as is the case with medicinal "Nerve Tonics," and the effects are LASTING. By rebuilding and revitalizing the Brain and the Nerve Centres in the ONLY NATURAL WAY, Dr. Muller's Nutrient is not only a most powerful antidote against Nerve Fatigue, but is also the one certain and NATURAL remedy for nervous affections of every kind.

"A NEW LEASE OF LIFE TO THOUSANDS." It is no exaggeration to claim that the regular administration of the Muller Nerve Nutrient for a sufficiently long period has been the means of giving a new lease of life to thousands of nervous sufferers and exhausted and aged people. The Muller Preparation has been pronounced by scientific investigators to have a really marvellous effect in all phases of Nervous Depression, Muscular Weakness and Incipient Paralysis.

THE SILENT TESTIMONY OF IMITATIONS. A most eloquent testimony to the wonderful merit of Dr. Muller's product is the significant fact that to-day there are over sixty spurious imitations of the Genuine Article on the market throughout the world, and no less than 4,000 people, in all ranks and conditions of life, have written unsolicited letters recording the marvellous benefits they have received from this veritable Food of Life.

LIBERAL TRIAL SUPPLY AT NOMINAL COST. The Muller Laboratories have put aside 10,000 full-sized boxes of Dr. Muller's Nutrient for distribution amongst readers suffering from any nervous ailment.

Each box containing sufficient to last for seven days. By writing for it to-day, you can obtain the whole week's supply for 8 shillings. It will enable you to commence to rebuild your nervous system and make yourself strong and well and full of vitality, force and power. With this week's trial course of the Nutrient will be sent full directions for use and a presentation copy of Dr. Muller's Book on the Nervous System and its requirements for Health. Published at 1s., this Book will also be sent you FREE.

This generous offer is only intended to be taken advantage of once, and only one trial supply can be sent to the same person.

Send up your full name and address with six penny stamps to 577, The Muller Laboratories, 144, Albany Street, London, N.W. 1, and the booklet and a package containing a seven days' Trial Supply of the Nutrient will be sent free in a plain sealed cover.

Sufferers and Inquirers calling at the Consulting Offices, 144, Albany Street, London, N.W. 1, can see the Acting Consultant, who will be pleased to give Expert Advice entirely Free of Charge.

The Muller Nutrient can be ordered from Boots Branches, and from all high-class Chemists in the United Kingdom.

The Dr. Muller Nutrient

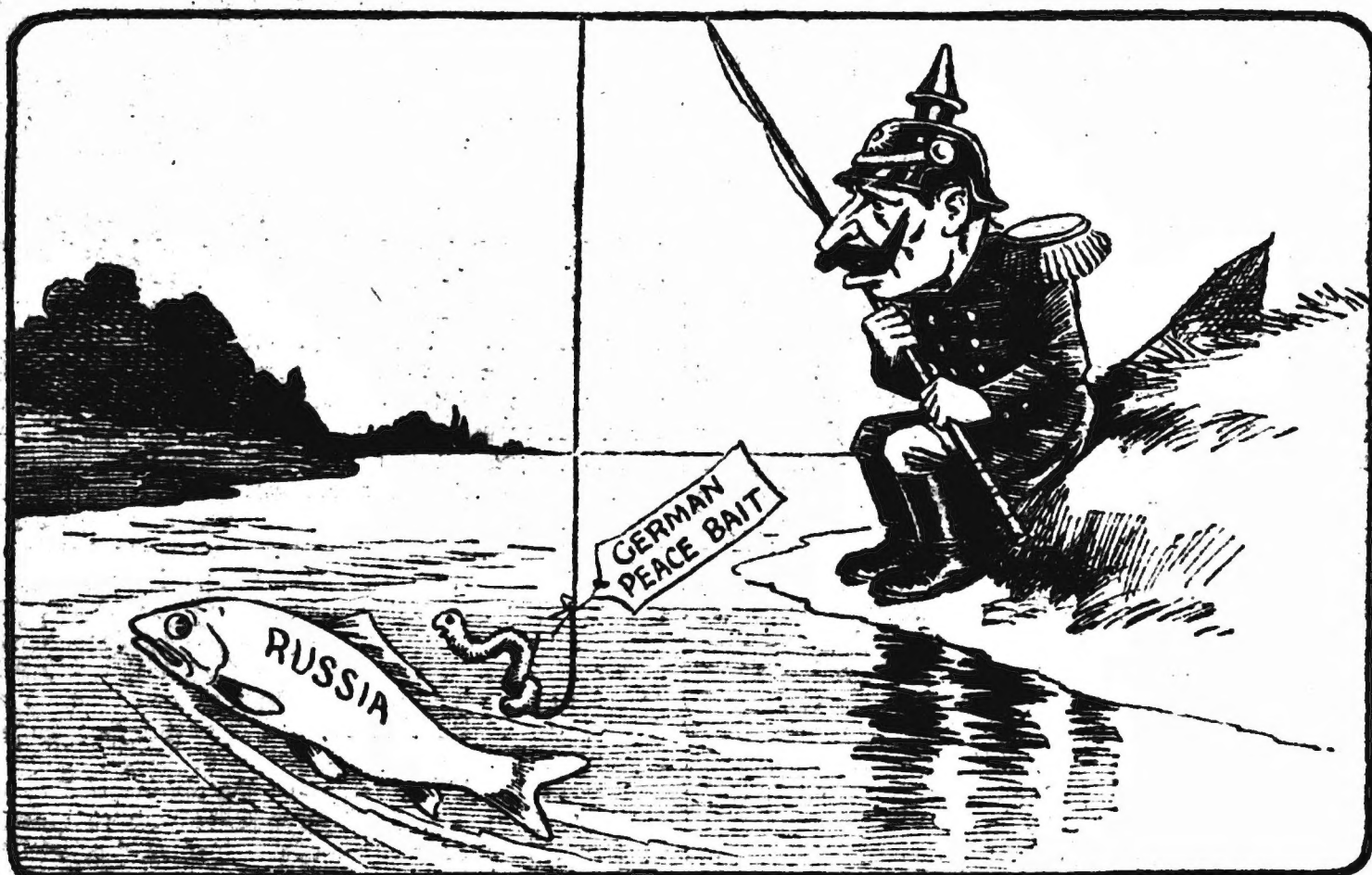
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Superior to all Nerve Foods in "Powder" form.

NOTICE.—A Guaranteed British Product under British Control and Ownership!

TAKING HIS "HOOK"!

THE FISH: "But not that bait, William!"

SENDING HIM BACK TO SCHOOL.

MAN FROM MONS TO DRILL TILL EFFICIENT!

Many years ago a comic-singer used to chortle concerning the grotesqueries and absurdities of an imaginary event called "The Shoreditch Handicap," but his most flamboyant flight scarcely equalled the recent stupid doings of the Shoreditch Tribunal. Before them was a man of Mons. He had three months of army time to serve when war broke out—but he did sixteen months, all at the front, before being discharged. He has a wife and seven young children, is a window-cleaner by day, works at a factory in the evenings. He is told he may be called up again if he does not do his drills with the Volunteers. If he does them, he urges, he will lose 15s. a week, and he and his will suffer. That seems not to matter—to the Tribunal. He must drill, he was told. But, he pleaded in his astonishment, it was like sending him back to school. That was nothing. Said Captain Fisher, "Come, take it one way or the other." The man from Mons, who had been "right through the thick of it," protested: "It is absurd to ask me to go and drill. Why, I have forgotten more about that sort of thing than they will ever know." And, perplexed, he asked, "Do you want me to do the 14 drills a month?" Mr. Harwood sapiently announced, "Fourteen until efficient, and then ten." That put the cap on it, and we can understand the man's bewilderment as he echoed, "Pshaw! Until efficient!" Just to make sure, Mr. Harwood rubbed it in with, "If you don't, you will be called up; you understand?" We daresay the man found it as difficult to understand as we do. It strikes us as a meddlesome, needless exercise of authority—blandly overbearing, complacently repressive. The man being a good man, we are glad he is in the Volunteers. But he should be relieved of drills which he knows inside out and backwards. To such a man we would say: "Keep your movements and whereabouts reported to the Volunteers—by postcard. Keep your rifle ready, and your powder dry. You may be wanted; if so, we know you will be there. Until then—carry on." We wager we could safely trust him.

ECONOMY—AT A PROFIT.

FLAT-TRAPS OF ALL SHAPES AND SIZES.

Folks with a fad for "societies" of one sort and another should be on their guard against the British Domestic War Saving Association—Principal, Mrs. H. Gregory, 10, Cambridge Place, Hyde Park, London, W., which appears to be nothing more or less than a profiteering concern, although its exhortation—"to the Women of Britain" is as chaste an effusion as ever graced the cause of Food Economy. It is when we descend to details that we discern the squalid trail of commerce. For instance, the Association will supply for 1s. prepaid a recipe for "Pure Wholesome Delicious Home-Made Bread," which "cannot be too highly recommended"—and costs only 6d. the 4-lb. loaf. "A practical substitute" for coal works out at 10s. per ton, which, as Mrs. Gregory obligingly calculates, is exactly 6d. a cwt. As for luxuries, if you are fond of Mushrooms, and willing to back your gastronomic fancy to the extent of one shilling sterling, you can be taught how to grow these toothsome fungi "by a secret method—no attention needed, they just grow." If Ale, Beer or Stout are necessary to your comfort, Mrs. Gregory will teach you to "brew your own," while if My Lady Nicotine is your mistress, you may have a "Tobacco Substitute" at a price which is a miracle of cheapness; or if you prefer to be freed for ever from the thrall of the seductive weed, Mrs. Gregory will furnish you with a Cure for the Smoking Habit at a cost so "trifling" that it cannot be more precisely named. In fine, the Association and its Principal are ready and eager to feed you up with any old stuff, or to experiment liberally upon your constitution with the aid, if you please, of Gregory Powders, Wind Pills, Cough Elixirs, and Fruit Salts—provided only you have the money and are fool enough to part with it on such terms. By the way, is not the Association guilty of an offence in distributing its circulars broadcast without written request? A copy in our possession was addressed to a two-year-old child—who, naturally, had no use for some at least of the wonderful recipes.

THIS is no catch-penny title. The Woman of Downing Street—although I shall identify her—is but a type of the woman—and of the possible enemy—to be found in every branch of our national life. *Cherchez la femme* has a new meaning to-day. We are in the fourth year of the cruellest war in human history; we are fighting a foe devilish in his cunning and craft. There is nothing to which he will not stoop to gain his end. No deed is too base for his sordid mind—no scheme too mean and contemptible for his soul. And yet to-day there are 13,000 Germans at large in our midst! The Government exhorts the nation by speech and writing, by advertisement on every hoarding, by appeal in every public place, to steel its heart, to make iron its nerve for the winning of the war. Its cynical reply to the demands of the People that it, too, should give proof positive of its hatred of the German—that it on its part should prove its stern determination to leave no loophole for the advantage of the enemy, no possible chance of aiding the horrible plans of the unspeakable Hun—is to allow thousands of possible spies and potential enemies to be at large. Half the whisper which breeds discontent, the innuendo that makes for war weariness—the muttered opinion that the German is unbeatable, and we had better make the best peace we can while there is yet time and the Prussian is in the mood to bargain—is the product of these swine among us—these remorseless, artful sons and daughters of Germany. Yet in spite of protests since war began, in the face of the country's demand that every person of German birth should be suspect in our own interests, nothing will induce the Government to take the patriotic, the safe and only course of internment them all. If ever there was a war not of Governments, not of Kings, but of Peoples, this is such a war. We do not hate the foe as we should hate him; our national failing is over-tolerance—an insane disposition to believe the worst. But the country has long since come to the conclusion that the Germans among us are a peril to the State, an ever-threatening danger. Still the Government remains unconvinced. God knows they have had warning enough!

The Woman at Downing Street.

To illustrate the danger in which the present disgraceful laxity places us as a nation, let me tell you that a German woman, who was not naturalised until two months after we had come to grips with the Hun, was actually allowed to reside at 10, Downing Street—the residence of the Prime Minister, the arcanum of the secrets of an Empire at war—in September, 1916. There were rumours about at the time—they were vague, as no decent person believed them. It was true we had all been startled by the statements, which on investigation proved to be only too true, that there was more than one member of the Government who thought it decent to continue to employ German chauffeurs after war had broken out—one actually allowed his servant to go for a holiday trip to Switzerland! But a German woman at the Prime Minister's house in Downing Street—that was unthinkable; who could or would believe it? Well, I have all the facts and documents at my disposal, and they prove incontestably that such a woman was permitted to reside at No. 10. And I say unhesi-

THE WOMAN OF

Cherchez La Femme—A Home

By TH

tatingly that it is a shame and a scandal that such an outrage should have been committed. I might have held my peace about this disgraceful proceeding if I had any evidence to show that the present Home Secretary and the rest of the Government were more alive than their predecessors to the lurking danger of this wanton folly. The woman who was allowed to take up residence in Downing Street was Caroline Hanemann, maid to a Mrs. Graham Smith, a relative by marriage of Mr. Asquith. I have in my possession letters she wrote on 10, Downing Street notepaper. I have the date of her naturalisation—October 13th, 1914. Now it matters nothing to me that this woman of fifty, who has spent half her lifetime in this country, may be the most honourable soul alive. Her motives, her attitude towards the enemies of the land of her birth, may be as pure as the driven snow. Be that so, it has nothing to do with my argument.

A Home Office Outrage.

What, I repeat, is disgraceful is that this nation, in the throes of a life-and-death struggle with an unscrupulous foe, should be subject to the danger—I ignore the indignity—of a German-born woman living in the official residence of the Prime Minister. Nothing can excuse the enormity of the offence. If Mr. Asquith did not know what I have exposed, he should have known. Certainly his sister-in-law knew. And this is the pertinent question: Who stood guarantee for her *bona fides*—who dared, in the face of war emergencies, with the words "once a German, always a German" ringing in their ears, to go bail for Miss Caroline Hanemann? The Home Office can be practical enough when it pleases. Why has it studiously refused to give the names of those who stood sponsor for Laszlo, and why in the name of national safety should it refuse to publish broadcast the signatures of those who secretly go bail for Germans naturalised since the outbreak of war? Consider again the case of the infamous Laszlo. Here was a Hungarian who came to this country and found fame and fortune as a painter. The petted of Society, the favourite of the Court—*persona grata* in the houses of the great—he still continued true to the land of his birth; although he enjoyed the priceless liberties of free England, he remained a Hungarian. It was not until after the Germans had mobilised that—not for reasons of attachment to Britain, but for his own convenience, and as he declared "with pain and heartburning"—he decided to go through what for him was the callous and hollow mockery of naturalisation. He took the oath of allegiance to King George V. merely that he might have liberty to work for the enemy; he professed to be an Englishman that he could the more easily play the Hun. He perjured his oath; he worked against the land of his professed adoption; he succoured the enemy and, it is said, contrived that escaping prisoners might get back to the land of their birth. Such was he for whose honour and integrity men of high position—

DOWNING STREET.

ce Outrage—Lock Them All Up!

EDITOR.

members of the Government, members of the House of Commons, men of unquestioned reputation—had offered themselves as guarantors. And yet we now know, although the Home Office has tried to spread the cloak of mystery and of silence over his misdeeds, that this Laszlo—artist and gentleman—was a dirty traitor, mean hound who bit the hand that fed him. To-day he is safely behind the barbed wire of a London internment camp, and every one of those who were deceived into vouching for his decency and honour should be hanging his head in shame and humiliation. I have waited in vain for a single expression of regret from a single one of this dirty traitor's guarantors. Laszlo deceived the King he promised to honour and respect; he betrayed the friends who stood sponsor for his good faith—he acted like a mean and despicable cad. Why has no man who knew him and trusted him sufficient English blood and pride in his veins to denounce and disown him? Well, what Laszlo heard, what he did with the information which came to his ears as he moved in Mayfair and Park Lane, God only knows. Once a German, always a German—and, as we know, the Hungarian is no better. But knowing all this, how is it possible for the Government—the Government which was to "do" and not "wait"—to delay a day longer in putting every person of German birth in safe keeping? And surely those who waited until after the war—as Laszlo did—before running to the safe harbourage of Naturalisation, should be the first to be suspected and the last to be trusted. I do not want to see a blood-hunt like that which started in the East End after the *Lusitania* murders. But I do urge, with all the power my pen can command, that we should here and now overhaul the whole of these 13,000 suspects. And I would begin with those who became naturalised only when war made their German nationality an encumbrance and an inconvenience.

Those Guarantors!

Humble subjects of the despicable Kaiser were refused naturalisation—and rightly so—after the dogs of war were unleashed in August, 1914. Certain notorious exceptions were made, and those who are behind the scenes know with what result. Is no penalty to attach to Britons who guaranteed the honour and loyalty of traitors, and are we to continue to permit to remain at large those persons moving in political circles, with terrible opportunities for doing harm if evil is in their hearts, while the miserable waiter and his like are quite properly put out of harm's way? It is no answer to say that nothing unfavourable is known about them—when we know that men whose patent honesty has been loudly protested by officialdom have finally been proved dangerous and put behind barbed wire. I repeat it is an infamy that we should be asked to take risks because this friend of a Minister, or that relation of some Permanent Secretary, brings

wicked and unpatriotic pressure to bear. Would it be believed that, as late as last September, the Home Office was protesting in strong terms against the idea that a certain German subject named Müller was "in any way hostile to this country"? The police had no "reason to suspect him." He had been granted a special Permit by the War Office to work on ammunitions and

"it would not be in the national interest to remove him from his present employment." What do you think of that as a certificate of good conduct? Could anything be more completely reassuring? Yet within the last month the Home Office has removed Müller! What did they find out about this Simon Pure—this German who was in no way "hostile to this country"? Once more the veil of secrecy is drawn—thank God, they have found out this Hun working on munitions. Wherever there is danger—there the unspeakable German is allowed to roam. Only recently the Home Secretary had the audacity to say that the time to intern all alien enemies and spies was when a German invasion actually occurred! That was merely repeating the insane remark of Mr. M'Kenna two years ago. And we were also told just lately that a careful watch was kept on all employees of German nationality in the Post Office. In the name of patriotism, if not of common sense, let the country rise in its wrath and demand the immediate internment of this scum of Europe! It is an outrage that we should be subjected to such danger and that the Home Office, and the Cabinet, should be deaf to our demands. Do you think for one moment that a woman of British origin is to be found in the house of Hindenburg or Kuhlmann? Do you imagine that the Hun is allowing Englishmen to tap the secrets of the post?—do you believe that anyone outside a lunatic asylum would argue for an instant that there is anything but sheer madness in the criminal laxity which still characterises the Government's treatment of this grave question?

The Moral Of It.

All the accumulated proofs of the last three years point to the obvious danger of allowing these creatures of the Kaiser to remain at large. True that at last the Home Secretary has agreed to bring in legislation so that a naturalised alien who has shown himself disloyal may have his Certificate "reviewed." But in my opinion that is trifling with the question—it is playing with the danger. The Home Office—if it chose to reveal what the public have a right to know—could give abundant evidence of naturalised enemy treachery. Surely, if a man who has sought and obtained the privileges of British citizenship plays traitor to his oath, it is a burlesque of justice merely to put that man in a Concentration Camp. In Heaven's name, let the Government begin the New Year by doing some good, wholesome, courageous act! Intern every Hun—naturalised or unnaturalised. We cannot afford to take any risks. The recent mysterious sinking of our ships will some day afford a sorry and a terrible revelation. Don't wait until the supreme hour of peril is upon us before we rid the land of these prowling skunks. Remember the Woman of Downing Street, and call as a nation, with a united voice, for wholesale and complete internment of every enemy-born man and woman in the land.

"STOP THIS FOOLING."**SOME BUSINESS MATTERS WHICH PUZZLED OUR OFFICIALS.**

A manufacturer, for urgent Government work, required a "Permit" to purchase thirty tons of slag wool—a substance which is one of the residues of iron slag, and of course metallic. He applied to the Engineering Section, who at once told him that slag wool had to be dealt with by the Woollens Department. He, like the owl, said nothing but wonderingly went. "What!" said the Woollens Department big wig, "you want thirty tons of slag wool? It can't be done," and he was passed on to a full-bottomed big-wig, who commenced to storm. "Thirty tons, sir? Not thirty pounds! Don't you know we require every ounce for the Army?" The visitor then ventured timidly to ask how long clothing had been made from slag wool. The reply was indignantly barked out: "From time immemorial." "But," asked the applicant, "do you know that slag wool is made from iron slag?" Though obviously taken aback, the official speedily recovered himself and abused his caller for taking up his time instead of going to the Engineering Section. So back again he trudged. The two Chiefs are probably having an argument as to who should deal with the matter, for even now the manufacturer is without the stuff. Another instance of official ineptitude and arrogance comes from the Royal Commission on Sugar Supply. On December 21st they suddenly awoke to the fact that ten months earlier Clark's College had sent to another educational institution in America various invoices, Bills of Lading and other commercial documents relating, amongst other articles of produce, to a quantity of sugar. Every document bore the name of one or other of the schools, and similar budgets had been passing across the Atlantic for several years, it being the system for students to exchange all sorts of "dummy" forms—there, of course, being no actual handing over of goods or cash. However, reality was attached to them by the high official who took the matter in hand and appended his illegible signature stamp to a letter stating that "All such transactions are prohibited unless a licence to trade has been obtained. Application for licences must be made to this Commission, and I shall be obliged—if you apply for a licence—if you will indicate to the Commission the nature and extent of the sugar business in which you were engaged in normal times." Upon a representative of the College being sent to point out the shadowy nature of the transactions—although it should have been apparent to anybody of intelligence—he was treated with scant courtesy, being refused an interview. Is there really a war on, and is the Government in earnest in its declaration that it is urgently necessary to improve our commercial education and foster our trade?

A PIE-CRUST PROMISE.**PLURAL VOTER IGNORES THE PRINTED WORD.**

This is disgusting, as well as disgraceful. The New Monkland School Board, Airdrie, advertised for a Compulsory Officer, salary £80, with uniform. The official advertisement distinctly stated: "Preference will be given to a Discharged Soldier." That promise was a good one; but it was not kept. It was shamefully, scabbily ignored! At the meeting of the Board there were present the Chairman, Mr. W. W. Chapman (a retired farmer) and three other members. Chapman moved that a former Police-Superintendent be appointed; Father Cuth seconded. The Rev. Mr. Galbraith moved the appointment of a discharged soldier named Gallochor, rightly insisting on the promise of preference for such a man in the advertisement; Mr. Thomson seconded. On the vote being taken, the result was 2 and 2—Chapman and Cuth evidently counting 2 for the policeman, and Galbraith and Thomson as 2 for the soldier. There being this tie, it is recorded that Chapman, as Chairman, gave his casting vote in favour of the policeman, who was called in and declared appointed. On the face of it, the election was one of the meanest performances on record—for to hold out the promise to a discharged man, and then to wantonly ignore and pass him over, was perfidiously near the limit of official unkindness and impertinence. Two members of the New Monkland School Board have painted themselves in most hateful colours.

"Eullets" First Prize increased to £500—for this week only.

"FROM THE AUSTRIAN TRENCHES."**NOXIOUS TRACT FROM THE CENTRAL BIBLE TRUTH DEPOT.**

It is not difficult to conceive the real motive of the pink pamphlet, "A Message from the Austrian Trenches," published by the Central Bible Truth Depot, 2, Paternoster Row. As to whether it is Bible truth or not is perhaps a question; in any case its distribution to wounded soldiers in British military hospitals is hotly resented. And not without reason. "Among those who fell mortally wounded in the battle that led to the capture of Gorizia," declares the writer in his opening, "was an Austrian soldier of the name of Paul Gerzik. . . . He was sent in the early days of the war to the Russian front. On his arrival he procured a large piece of cardboard and printed upon it in big letters the words, 'God is Love.' Then, hoisting up the text on the point of his bayonet, he would march to take his place in the trenches with these three golden words in full view of all the men of his company." A wounded soldier's comment on this pernicious and enervating pamphlet is, "Decent-minded Tommies would have chuckled this miserable fool over the parapet." Our view, as we have hinted, is that the effect of the pamphlet is to promote that pacifism which, did the Allies but listen to it, would be the destruction of all the ideals which lift a Christianised civilisation above the organised diabolism of savagery.

A WOMAN OF WHITSTABLE.**PHASES OF LIFE, DEATH AND A LANDLADY.**

Mrs. Taylor, a widow seventy-nine years of age, was a tenant of Mrs. Esme Mary Penn, landlady of the "Tankerton Hotel," Whitstable—and, it is conceded, kept the house "horribly dirty." For this and other reasons Mrs. Penn appears to have taken proceedings to get her out of the place. As there was a yearly agreement in existence, the Magistrate declined to grant an Order for possession. Angered by the fact that she had appealed to the law and lost, Mrs. Penn "got back to Whitstable first and caused the doors and windows of the house to be taken out." From this time the old woman lived, through all weathers, with the window and door gaps covered with old rags and bags placed there by her own hands. One day she was found dead, and at the inquest "Dr. Etheridge stated that the cause of death was heart disease, aggravated by exposure to the cold, and insufficient food." The conduct of Mrs. Penn in removing the doors and windows to blow this woman out of house and home, as it were, was obviously as illegal—whatever the facts about the rent and the dirt—as it was cruel. We find no difficulty in agreeing with the Coroner that "Mrs. Penn could regard herself as fortunate that the jury had not returned a verdict of manslaughter; he considered it a most outrageous case." That said, it is unnecessary to say more.

THE SAD CASE OF THE LADY LANGTON.**BY HER THAT HATH, VERILY MUCH SHALL BE HOARDED.**

If one is to believe Lady Mabel Gore-Langton, "a member of the household of Lady Temple," of The Glade, Englefield Green, who signed the cheques for the food of that aristocratic ménage, she "did not know that most poor people have obtained only 2 ozs. of tea, and sometimes not that, weekly for the last three months." Lady Mabel Gore-Langton—quite self-centered—sees nothing in the streets; reads nothing in the newspapers; is utterly unconscious—so she would have the Chertsey police believe—of the existence of a nosy, inquisitive, domineering person like the Food Controller. Submarines, short rations—what matters anything so long as the Glade of Englefield is in full store—125 pounds of tea, 35 pounds of coffee, 23 pounds of currants, 20 pounds of sugar, "quantities of sultanas and raisins," etc., etc.? How many houses of the aristocratic and well-to-do in this country, one wonders, are so callously barricaded against self-sacrifice as this mansion of the Temples? The fine of £80 inflicted is not exemplary. So easily paid, with hardly a sense of punishment or a sense of loss, it would be a misnomer of terms to call it adequate.

NERVES?

Have you weak nerves, stomach or digestive trouble, heart weakness? If so, you can quickly regain normal health by my aid. Note particularly, I undertake your case only when satisfied I can cure you, under my guarantee. I am particularly successful in curing sleeplessness, self-consciousness, morbid fears, incapacity for work, lack of energy, irritability, head pains, and, in fact, any of the numerous symptoms of neurosis.

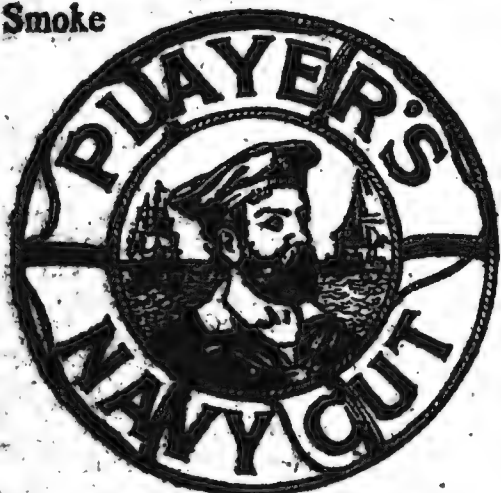
Ask yourself—are you efficient? Are you handicapped in life by ill-health? Can your personal appearance be improved? If so, send to-day (to-morrow never comes) for my remarkable free book (50 pages of intensely interesting matter), and write me telling all you know about your ailments. Then I will advise you conscientiously; my 20 years' practical experience is freely at your disposal. You will be under no obligation whatever.

Scores of well-known papers (list supplied) recommend my treatment. Because it is a national duty to be efficient **WRITE NOW** (enclosing 3d. in stamps towards the postage) for **BOOK** and sympathetic letter of **ADVISE**, which will be sent by return mail. Mention **John Bull**.

Send to-day for my **FREE BOOK** and learn how **NERVE, STOMACH or HEART** troubles may be quickly cured.

THOMAS INCH, Health Consultant.
(Dept. B), 74, CLARENDON ROAD, PUTNEY, LONDON, S.W. 15.

Smoke



Registered No. 1921.

CIGARETTES

(Medium Strength)

10 for 4½^{D.}

These Cigarettes are also supplied at Duty Free Rates for the purpose of gratuitous distribution to wounded Soldiers and Sailors in Hospital.

Terms and particulars on application to

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.

P20

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (Great Britain and Ireland) Ltd.

THE INEVITABLE END OF EVERY BEETLE

Once you employ the aid of Hawley's I.K., the doom of every insect is sealed. There's not the smallest loophole for escape. It clears them out in double-quick time, rids your home of great disease-breeders and carriers without fuss or fuss.

Hawley's I.K. Insect Killer

is sold by most chemists.

Hawley's I.K. is the best means whereby you can completely exterminate "six-legged" pests. Quite harmless, in perforated-top-tins. Go to your chemist and ask for a tin of genuine I.K. Take it home and sprinkle the powder in every nick and cranny you can find.

Add to the comfort of one soldier at the front by sending him a tin to-day. Manufactured by—**EVANS SONS LESCHER & WEBB, LONDON & LIVERPOOL.**

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 15.

Are you from Dixie?

J. T. Allen, G. L. Cobb.



"No! I'm from DAY & MARTIN'S. I'm the boy to shine your boots."

Day and Martin's—the WAX Boot Polish—is put up in THE TIN WITH THE TAB, and sold by Dealers at 3d., 3d., 4d. and 6d.

DAY & MARTIN, LTD.,

The Boot Polish Specialists.
LONDON, E. 15. Established 1870.

Song Series No. 7.

W. E. B.



Notice to the Public

WE wish, in the public interest, to emphasize the fact that the price of Hall's Wine is still 4/6, extra large size bottle.

We make this announcement as a guide to the purchaser and as a protection to the dealer, because a few cases have come to our notice where Hall's Wine has been sold above the advertised price.

Hall's Wine

The Supreme Restorative

Restrictions in supplies, owing to war conditions, make Hall's Wine difficult to secure, and many who have experienced the value of Hall's Wine in these trying times willingly pay more than 4/6 to get it.

Those who pay more than 4/6 are acting contrary to the best interests of all—the purchaser and the dealer alike.

Extra Large Size, 4/6; Smaller Size, 2/9.

Of all Wine Merchants, and Grocers and Chemists with Wine Licences.

STEPHEN SMITH & CO. LTD., Bow, London, E. 3.

BOS

I will teach You to Play the Piano

Brilliantly, without Drudgery, Fatigue or Failure
You shall get in a few months, from a few easy Correspondence Lessons, taken in your own home, a grip and mastery of the keyboard and ease in reading music that years of ordinary teaching and practice can never give you. **Thousands have done so for sixteen years.** Modern progress-compelling methods applied to ordinary music. Send to-day for my illuminating little illustrated book:—

"MIND, MUSCLE AND KEYBOARD."
It explains my method, and shows what many hundreds of all ages and stages say it has done for their playing, so that you may judge for yourself what it can do for you. **Adult Beginners need not know a note to start.**



An Elementary Player:—"I have much improved even in this short time. I played too much from the wrists, but as my teacher did not tell me how to alter, I was helpless. Since going through your exercises my fingers have gained much strength and my stretching is marvelous."—**Mrs. F. S. (Gospel Oak).**

A Beginner:—"My sister is a player, and she considers your System is much simpler and easier than the old way of learning."—**Miss H. H. (Leeds).**

(Give merely on a postcard your full address (Mrs., Miss or Mr.), with the word **Elementary** or **Beginner** as may best describe your case and the book shall be gladly sent you free by return.)

Mr. H. BECKER, 81, Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

"TIZ" Gladdens Sore, Tired Feet

"Oh! My poor swollen, puffed-up feet."

"Great Scott! Where's the TIZ?"



TIZ makes sore, burning, tired, "chilblainy feet," feel just fine and comfy. Away go the aches and pains, the corns, hard skin, blisters, bunions and chilblains.

TIZ draws out the acids and poisons that puff up your feet. No matter how hard you work, how long you drill, how far you march, or how long you remain on your feet, TIZ brings restful foot comfort. TIZ is magical, grand, wonderful for tired, aching, swollen, smarting feet. Ah! how comfortable, how happy you feel. Your feet just tingle for joy; boots never hurt or seem tight.

Get a 1/1s box of TIZ now from any chemist's or stores. End foot torture for ever—wear your new boots, keep your feet fresh, sweet and happy. Just think! a whole year's foot comfort for only 1/1s.

WOULD YOU LIKE THIS HOUSE?

We will show you how to purchase it for less than you are now paying in rent.

Booklet FREE from F.G.L., J. B.

CITY LIFE ASSURANCE CO. LTD.
8, PAUL STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.



"Soto" ANTISEPTIC MOUTH & THROAT BATHS

A fascinating anti-acid remedy, indispensable to every person. Recommended by the highest authorities as "A Health Restorer." Most effective in the case of infection and other diseases originating in the mouth and throat.

Get two 1/1s boxes from F.G.L., J. B. or THE WESTERN DENTAL WORKS CO. LTD. 24 Wigmore St., London, W.1. Telephone 2440.

ALWAYS ON GUARD.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MR. J. R. CLYNES, M.P.

Mornin', sir. . . W'y, blest if it ain't Clynes! Mister Clynes I s'pose I oughter say, seein' 'ow you've got on in the world. An' good luck to yer! I remember you donkey's years ago, w'en I was visitin' some relations o' mine in Old'am—or Owdam, as they use ter call it. You was a bit of a nib at the clog dancin' lay in them days, wasn't you? . . . Ah, I thort so. 'Ere, give us a bit of a shuffle now, will yer? I'll call the missus. I kin easy shove the chairs outer the way. . . You'd rather not? Orl right. I s'pose it would be a bit beneath yer dig now. No, I don't think you're too proud. It ain't thet. I reckon you've got too much sense fur thet. Let's see—you're lendin' a 'and at the Ministry fur Food now, ain't yer? Ah, yes. . . I'm pleased to 'ear it. Labour comin' into it's own, like. An' quite right, too—ser long as it's Labour of the right sort—not the bloomin' sham Socialistic, ex-Civil-Servant-Schoolmaster sort—you know, the Snowden-Macdonald gang. Good luck to yer, I say. Yore job is to see the people git their fair share of wot grub's goin', ain't it? Well, I reckon they might 'ave picked out a worse man fur the job. I dessey you knew wot it was to go short of belly-timber sometimes in the old days. . . Ah, you wouldn't let anybody go short in that way if you could 'elp it, I know. 'Stonishin' wot a lot o' people this wore's brought to their senses, ain't it? I know you won't mind me sayin' so, but you wasn't quite all there, perillically speaking, before the wore, was you? You didn't believe the 'Uns was pre-

parin' fur wore, did yer? You used ter lart at the idea, an' think them wot tried to warn the nation was eether barmy or 'ad a n'axe to grind. Well, well, you soon found out yore mistake, an' I reckon there ain't bin a better patriot then you since Nineteen Fourteen. It 'ud 'ave bin a shockin' thing if you'd a-joined that perishin' mob of peace-at-any-pricers, wot calls the 'Uns their "friends," an' looks on Tommy Atkins as a sort of enemy of the 'uman race. You know the blokes I mean—Philip Snowden and 'is lick-spittles. By gosh, but you giv' thet same Snowden a proper dressin' down in yore letter to the I.L.P. Conference at Norwich, didn't cher? And in yore speech at the Brummagem Trades Union Congress. No wonder the rank an' file think a lot of yer. Shall I tell yer another reason w'y they do? . . . W'y, becos you ain't a sniffy teetotaler, but enjoy yer drop o' beer an' yer pipe like a sensible chap. Blest if we wouldn't go round and 'ave a pint together if the 'ouses wasn't closed! P'raps you'll be somewere's in the neighbour'ood at 'arf past twelve? They're sellin' a very decent drop round at my 'ouse jest now at any rate—it looks like beer and it tastes like beer, and I dessey if you was to drink enough of it you might kid yerself it was beer—if you didn't bust in the meantime. Well, Mister Clynes, 'ere I am forkin' an' torkin' (an unusual thing fur me) w'en I oughter be gittin' on with me work. Wot'll you 'ave—a shave? . . . Right-o. So you shell. Missus! W'ere yer put them clean towels?

PITY THE POOR EDITOR!

SOME MORE GEMS FROM OUR LETTER-BAG.

"Can you tell me the best authority on the subject of the peopling of the earth, the probable cost and the best firm you can recommend? I don't want a tale or story."

"Are you going to let me succeed Lloyd George? I am entitled to it if you have received all my letters."

"I bought some birds one day and they all turned into cocks. The man I bought them of said they were all 'hens.'"

"Can't we stop them sinking our vessels? Why, yes. What's rubber made for? Let's have some on our ships; then, when striking a mine, it would bounce off and save it, and so would stop the dang-r."

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"WOOD GREEN SENTINEL" (advertisement):
"Wanted by lady, FURNISHED BEDROOM, WITH PARTIAL USE OF OTHERS."

"MAGNET LIBRARY":
"Baggy looked round with a CURLING NOSE."

"STATESMAN" (Calcutta) (advertisement):
"An ALL-COMIC Programme. Elphinstone's Topical Film, 'INDIAN DEFENCE FORCE.' Departure of the First Calcutta Contingent. Scenes at Howrah Station."

"NORTH STAR" (Darlington):
"Our aeroplanes were flying 400 feet BELOW THE SEA LEVEL."

"GLASGOW DAILY RECORD":
"He stopped and re-let his cigarette WITH A GREAT LIGHT IN HIS EYES."

"DAILY CHRONICLE":
"Almost as soon as skaters took to the ice yesterday the thermometer began to FALL, and by noon's thaw had set in."

"BELFAST EVENING TELEGRAPH":
"Six City policemen were required to regulate the head alone of a queue outside a shop in LUDGATE CIRCUS, the tail of which was managed by four more policemen, turned a side street, and stretched into the dim distance in WATFORD and OTHER DISTRICTS."

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean chicanery, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, 19th August, 1916.

Whist versus Food.

Whoever runs the Red Cross Hospital at Finborough Hall, Stowmarket, might see to it that whist-drives do not interfere with the serving out of the patients' rations. We trust that this hint will save us the trouble of going more extensively into the matter.

Fit Men in Funk Ho's.

The Officer Commanding the Royal Flying Corps at Bradford might cast his eyes around. He will find that A.I. men are given soft jobs and promotion, though the work might be done by girls. This is a matter that we shall place before the highest authority, as it is typical of what goes on in a good many other places.

The Hun—and Our Bo's.

The nation has been shocked by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's revelations of the horrible treatment meted out to our prisoners of war in Germany. Even officers and gentlemen are kicked and booted, and in Berlin the other day our poor fellows were ordered to shovel snow, and were assaulted and spat upon by the populace. Here, of course, we do not use the mailed fist, but employ the velvet glove. German prisoners of war are better off by a very long chalk than the men who guard them. They have to be driven to their work and farms by British drivers. Their officers must be saluted in camp—as we have already pointed out—and everything is done by our Bo's and the Government to make their lives happy. Down in Huntingdon they are supplied with wood with which to make toys, and the good people of the district joyously purchase the products—one of the prisoners is even allowed to walk around buying luxuries at the shops. Is this not enough to make even a Sinn Feiner's blood boil in his veins?

Beware of the "Dogs."

We fear that unless something is done, many of the blankets in Dorchester Barracks will be found cantering over the Square. To save this they should be chained. It is not hard to keep blankets clean, but if the Quartermaster's squad do not do it, the Officer Commanding should try a shot-gun loaded with sparrow dust. A little "blowing-up," of a verbal kind, of those responsible would do no harm.

The Eternal Pumpuritans.

At Tiptree, in Essex, a considerable number of poor Tommies are billeted in a building owned by a Nonconformist body, and which was used as a Sunday School and a temperance spouting post. Naturally, according to regulations, they started a canteen, but the Committee running the place closed down what in their ignorance they doubtless considered to be a horrible drinking den. We are glad to hear that the Church of England came to the rescue, and allowed a canteen in their billeting room. And such narrow-minded people are among those for whom our soldiers are dying!

Not Fair to the Lads.

Parents and sisters of the apprentices taken by the back of the neck and placed in the ranks are not given separation allowances, because the boys did not support them before their enlistment. Cannot the big-wigs who draw up the regulation see that the youth of to-day is the supporter of to-morrow, and do the right thing? God knows, a vast lot of destitution is caused by this inhuman rule. It is an Empire matter; but what is everybody's business is nobody's business! The mother and sisters of our apprentices should certainly, where necessary, be supported by the Government.

Home for the Turkey.

We are debarred from giving the numbers, but we are glad to know of the vast army of men from the Front who ate their Christmas dinners at home despite the German's enormous reinforcements on the Western front and his boast that he will eat up our army at any hour that he selects!

A Way We Have.

When war broke out we formed the 9th Battalion of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, which later became a Training Reserve Battalion. A few days ago it was disbanded, and the Warrant and N.C.O.s who had done such splendid work were put into other corps and reverted to privates. Those fine fellows were experts—and yet they were reduced to privates, although we want experts to train our new troops. We understand that the big-wigs responsible—like a good many other arbitrary officers—for this iniquity have never been out of the country.

The Paddle Minesweepers.

We hear a good deal about changes at the Admiralty. If there is a live man there, will he look into the grievances of the paddle minesweepers, particularly in connection with their pay and clothing?

A Gibraltar Grouse.

The men of H.M. Transports who arrive at Gibraltar complain that they are not allowed ashore, although they may have to tie off at their buoys for a week or a fortnight. Are our sailors and officers criminals that they cannot be trusted to set foot on the "mud" for an hour or two?

Something Crooked Somewhere.

We have whole shoals of complaints from engine-room ratings. These men are encouraged to read up for their certificates, with a promise that they will get promotion. From the letters we receive, however, we can only come to the conclusion that the promise is an Admiralty birk—men qualified for working engines being still left as greasers and at other lower ratings.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Without Food and Fire.

Awaiting pension, and undergoing treatment in hospital, a discharged soldier had the anxiety of providing for a wife and two children, who were without food and fuel. The poor fellow is in receipt of a small allowance from a sick club, which serves to keep a roof over their heads, and leaves a very small surplus. We gladly responded to his appeal.

Motherless Children.

A similar case was brought to our notice, the man being unfit and discharged from Service. The only support of himself and three young children is a lad of seventeen, the eldest son having fallen on the field after distinguished service. Here, too, we were proud to help, as we are sure our subscribers would desire.

The Ever-Recurring Story.

Discharged with wounds and shell shock, a poor fellow is still waiting for the Pensions Minister to wake up. He, with his wife and five children, was about to be turned into the street when we came to the rescue.

Holding Out.

A distressed mother has just buried one of her children. She finds herself very hard up, as her pay book had been called in owing to a mistake by the authorities. For three weeks she suffered the strain, and then wrote to us—with happy results.

No Income Whatever.

Another poor creature wrote us that her husband had had a stroke, and her son's allowance had been stopped. She herself is above the working age, and was in desperation when she appealed to us. We, of course, relieved her distress as speedily as possible.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

H. I. B., 2s. 6d.; Dr. O. F. T. (Tarak), £2; J. T., 1s.; T. H. H., 4s. 6d.; H. L., 3d.; M. O. (York), 2s.; A. L., 2s. 7d.; E. D., 1s.; O. W., 2s. 6d.; P. M. (France), 4s. 7d.; A. P. (Bombay), 2s.; "In Memory of a Soldier Son," 2s. 8d.; D. M. (Birkenhead), 2s. 3d.; "Walsall," 2s. 6d.; "Lincoln Bet," £1; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; "Xmas M., 5s.; M. D., 5s.; "Lancashire Paragon," 3s.; M. P. (Aston), 2s. 6d.; "A Soldier's Four Little Boys," 4s.; A. O. (Bristol), 1s.; W. H. (Rosen), 1s.; B. T. (Northampton), 1s.; "Wife" (Ipswich), 1s.; Pte. H. B. 7d.; A. J. (Salop), 1s.; C. L. (Sheffield), 2s.; M. B. (Dukinfield), 5s.; W. A. L. (Dover), 2s. 6d.; "Merton," 10s.; M. Y., 6d.; J. W. A., 1s.; M. L., 1s. 6d.; "A Competitor," 6d.; G. B. 6d.; J. S., 1s.; W. W., 6d.; Mrs. F. E. P., 1s. 6d.; E. E., 6d.; M. S., 6d.; W. B. T., 2s.; W. H. 1s.; B. O., 6d.; G. H. S., 6d.; A. J. W., 2s. 6d.; M. A. O., 1s. 6d.; T. McD., 2s. 6d.; S. L., 6d.; H. D., 1s. 6d.; G. H., 6d.; A. H., 1s.; J. T., 6d.; T. H., 2s.; Mrs. A. H., 10s.; J. P. E., 2s. 4d.; E. P. (Westbury), 1s.; "Waverley," 5s.; Mrs. G. H., 1s.; "Zoroaster," 10s.; Mrs. A., 2s. 6d.; H. W. F. (Paddington), 5s.; "Kent Nurse," 2s. 6d.; G. W. G. (Hull), 5s.; F. C. (Dorking), £1 1s.; T. J. (Corwen), 2s.; B. W. (Bristol), 5s.; M. C., 2s.; "O. H. M. Bush," 2s. 6d.; "Every Little Helps" (Croydon), 2s. 6d.; D. O., £1; S. P. (Belvedere), 2s. 6d.; "Gordon and Edgar," 2s.; "Jo," £2; E. H. P., 1s. 3d.; B. E. (Claygate), 2s. 6d.; "Ancient," 7s. 6d.; "Miriam," 2s. 6d.; "Traveller," 10s.; "In Loving Memory of our Two Lost Darlings," 5s.; "Hortus," 2s. 6d.; "W." 2s. 6d.; D. L., 4s.; W. R. B., 1s. 6d.; "Anxious," 10s.

A SPECIAL CONCESSION.

We have received during the past week a large number of requests from Readers who, owing to unforeseen circumstances, were not able to utilise their "JOHN BULL" Christmas Gift Coupon before December 31st. To avoid disappointment and as a special concession, we will accept these coupons if forwarded before Monday, the 21st of January. THIS DATE MUST BE CONSIDERED AS FINAL.

NOTE.—The "John Bull" Pen Xmas Gift Coupon (value one shilling) referred to above was published in our issue dated November 17th.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. 9d. and two penny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any date, may be saved and used in part payment; each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1s. 9d. only and 2d. stamps for postage. DE LUXE MODEL 1s. EXTRA.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2 (January 12th, 1918)

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed A/c.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

A
British
In-
vention

A perfect Pocket Wind Instrument for our Soldiers
and Sailors. Post free, 9d. each, or 5s. per doz.
Full Instructions.
ROBERT FIELD, 242a, Leeward Road, Huddersfield

"Anarchy" (Liverpool).—"The only way to make life bearable now is to hope and fight the good fight."

- E. L. (Swansea).—Thanks for your blessings—and the same to you.
- T. H. (Driffield).—In the window of a Driffield Inn: "My cellar is empty. My till is not full; No beer till Wednesday—I'm like Barney's bull." In the soup, evidently.
- D. (Wandsworth) maintains that "all the belligerents are manœuvring for peace." The Russians and Germans are Lenin to it, anyway.
- "CONSCIENTIOUS" (London, N.) thinks the Kaiser is a truly religious man. When may we hope to see the Devil as a stained-glass window?
- "TAM O'SHANTER" (Glasgow).—Do your own barking. "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?"
- "FUD-UP" (Lincoln).—Surely you can let your face slip a bit. A man who can laugh every now and again is a physician.
- "MONS TO LOOS" (Northwood).—All praise to "the matrons, sisters and nurses" who are nursing you "broken-down discharged soldiers suffering from tuberculosis."
- J. D. O. (Sheffield), on applying for situation as a caretaker, was asked, "Is your wife capable of bearing more children?" He didn't go home and ask the missus.
- "STRICTLY PRIVATE" (Glasgow).—"Being a great reader of your paper—" "Evidently a big person, even though you say it yourself."
- "A WELL WISHER" (Stackstead).—"He is hoarding bacon in his cellar and what beside we don't know." And we can't tell till we have looked down the grating.
- "NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE."—"How is it every picture of Venus has one arm off by the elbow?" Well, you see, she was the Goddess of Love, and rather too fond of "chancing her arm." Apparently she chanced it once too often.
- J. S. (Perth).—Sorry, but what's the use of arguing with a woman—especially about the soldier's rum ration?
- H. K. (Bisley).—We have read your letter backwards and forwards and upside down, and still can find no joke. Think it has dropped through the envelope?
- J. G. B. (London, E.C.3).—The probability of our being granted a peerage is almost as remote as the likelihood of our accepting it if we were.
- E. H. S. (London).—In swopping his JOHN BULL for the local sheet, that man was proving that "exchange" may, after all, be robbery!
- P. M. (Greenock).—Thanks for letting us see that spirited reply to the article in the *Port Glasgow Express*, describing us as the Big Drummer. The editor struck something hot in "Tala-Hena"!
- J. BARNARD (Brighton).—Send us your full address and we will see what we can do.
- "DAN GYMRO" (France).—"The 'Disma Dean' is so utterly discredited that nowadays his views on the war are greeted with smiles of pity and derision.
- "DISGUSTED WORKERS" (Birmingham) complain that, up to three weeks ago, there wasn't "any convenience at all for making a cup of tea or warming a dinner or even boiling an egg" at the Government Inspectors' Bond, Common Lane.
- (Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose name appears in JOHN BULL, i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment. When in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to JOHN BULL, Advertisement Department, 22, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

COMPANY MEETING.

SAMUEL ALLSOPP & SONS, LTD.

Profits Doubled.

The annual general meeting of this company was held on Friday, the 28th December last, at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., Sir William B. Peat presiding.

The Chairman said the balance-sheet was one of those which required little to be said about it. It was so excellent; at any rate, in the opinion of the directors, it was like good wine and required no bush. The profits had naturally increased, the revenue from licensed properties had naturally increased, and the interest and dividends had also naturally increased, because they had more money invested. They had been fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Calder as managing director, without whose assistance he felt the directors would not have been able to submit the figures before them. Their profit in 1914 was £13,618; in 1915, £31,825; in 1916, £60,791; and in 1917, £127,165. In each of those years the profits had been doubled. The position today justified the confidence which the shareholders, the Debenture holders, and the prior lien Debenture holders placed in this old concern, and in its capacity to revive and to leave behind it, he hoped for ever, the slough of despond which resulted in the chairman of previous days coming before the shareholders, year after year, with an unfortunate tale to tell.

Beer at 2d. a Pint a Wrong Policy.

He would not take up the time of the meeting by referring to the restrictions on the brewery trade. So far as they were necessary, in consequence of war conditions, they did not grumble at them. Those restrictions had enabled them to see that the efforts of all the great brewery companies in pre-war times to sell in the cheapest market, and to let the public have the best of beer at 2d. a pint, was a wrong policy. They had also enabled them to see that if the brewers were prepared to restrict the quantity offered on the market they would be able to secure a reasonable, fair, and living price. Moreover, the restrictions had been of assistance to the State, because to offer beer at 2d. a pint did not do otherwise than increase the consumption, and if that had a tendency at all it was to increase intemperance. When the restrictions were withdrawn, as withdrawn they would be, would it not be the height of folly that there should be no sufficient co-operation between brewers themselves to attain the end which they had attained by the intervention of the Government? Was it not within the power of the leading brewers to introduce some system of co-operation which would result in the beer being brewed which was wanted, and sold at a price which was remunerative to them, and which would assist, and not diminish, the claims of the temperance party that the people should be kept more sober than in the past?

Total Prohibition Movement Dead.

Total prohibition was a cure more drastic than was required. It was a mere vision of the visionary was no more chance of ever becoming the settled law of this country than the remotest possibility. The strength of Britain did not lie in those gentlemen who described themselves as the "Strength of Britain Movement." The strength of Britain lay in the men who produced our munitions, laboured in our factories, built our ships, rolled our steel, got our coal out of the bowels of the earth, and fought for us on land and sea, and they were the men who said without a modest quantity of beer they would not work. (Hear, hear.) He thought he might now say that the total prohibition movement was dead.

One heard a good deal of Government interference in their trade. Were the Government out to secure the profit made in brewing? Surely that was not a reason that could move a Government to acquire an industry of this character. Was it that they wanted prohibition and meant to buy their businesses in order to stop the sale of beer? That action had suffered such a serious defeat in the recent agitation that he could not imagine any Government out to seek the suffrages of the people coming out on a platform of total prohibition.

Mr. John J. Calder (managing director) said that as to the future it was difficult to prophesy in these times. They had not reached the stage which was the goal they all aimed at, when every class of stock would receive a dividend, but they had, he hoped, got over the roughest part of the journey. As regarded the brewing trade generally, he said that nothing could be more gratifying to them than the decrease of drunkenness, in spite of the high wages being paid.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

COMPANY MEETINGS.

LONDON AND SOUTH WESTERN BANK.

Amalgamation Proposals Carried.

A special meeting of the London and South-Western Bank, Ltd., was held on Thursday, the 3rd inst., at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., to pass resolutions to amalgamate with the London and Provincial Bank, Sir Herbert Haubling, general manager, presiding.

The Chairman, in moving the necessary resolutions, said that no previous meeting of shareholders of the Bank had exceeded in importance that which they were now holding, for it was called to consider a course reversing their past policy. The steady progress for 55 years was well known. When he joined the bank, 42 years ago, the deposits were just over one million; when he was appointed general manager, seven years ago, they were 16½ million, and today they were over 38 million, so that their business had been a progressive one.

Their business was not, as the name suggested, in the south-western part of England, it was practically all done in London and the suburbs. At the outbreak of war they were already interested in the foreign banking field, and they had since increased such interests by the arrangements made for the joint partnership in Messrs. Cox and Co. (France), Ltd., and by the intimate connection formed with the Banca Italiana di Sconto. Here they possessed a framework on which they could build an institution of great national importance, an institution which, by providing efficient service to their manufacturers and traders, could aid substantially in rehabilitating and increasing the trade and wealth of the country. The territory occupied by the London and Provincial Bank would greatly assist them in that respect. Although they possessed an excellent connection with merchants and importers, yet broadly and generally speaking, they were not established in any manufacturing area, and could not, therefore, place this organisation of theirs effectively at the disposal of the manufacturer. Unlike themselves, the London and Provincial Bank had branches at some of the most important seaport and industrial centres, and therefore possessed a clientele which would be benefited by this machine which they had created. In brief, the London and Provincial Bank possessed that which was of importance to them if they were to do their share in stimulating production—branches in provincial towns and at seaports—while they had that which the London and Provincial Bank required—a well-organised foreign branch.

Lord Claude Hamilton seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

LONDON AND PROVINCIAL BANK.

Amalgamation with L. & S.W. Bank Approved.

An extraordinary general meeting of the London and Provincial Bank (Ltd.), was held on Thursday, the 3rd inst., at the Cannon Street Hotel, Cannon Street, E.C., for the purpose of approving an agreement for the purchase of the undertaking and assets of the London and South-Western Bank (Ltd.). Mr. J. W. Cross, who presided, said: Gentlemen, you are called together to consider, and, if you think fit, to pass, resolutions recommended by your directors: For the amalgamation of the bank with that of the London and South-Western Bank; to alter the name of the bank to London Provincial and South-Western Bank, and to sanction alterations in the memorandum and articles of association of the company, rendered necessary or desirable by the amalgamation, and which alterations are set out in the notice sent to you.

Our own bank was founded as the Provincial Banking Corporation in 1864, fifty-four years ago. For the first few years we had to pass through the difficulties incidental to the creation of a banking business, and, therefore, at the end of 1870—forty-seven years ago—the bank was reconstructed under the more comprehensive title of the London and Provincial Bank (Ltd.).

Our progress in early years was not very rapid. The public were mistrustful of the word "limited" at the end of our name, and our "unlimited" competitors shook the finger of scorn at us, but when in 1873 the sensational failure of certain large unlimited banks occurred, creating widespread uneasiness among shareholders, and nervousness in bank parlours, an entirely changed feeling set in, and the public realised that it was the balance-sheet of the bank and the better class of the shareholders in limited banks that were their best protection, and gradually all the unlimited banks registered under the Limited Liability Acts, which is now the universal constitution of English joint stock banks. The London and Provincial Bank from that time has made steady and unvarying progress year by year in its business and prosperity.

Turning to the other bank, the London and South-Western Bank was established in 1862—fifty-six years ago—and has been a well-managed, progressive and successful bank. Its business is about the same size as ours.

The London and South-Western have built up a very considerable foreign connection, which will be of great value in the big effort English banking and finance houses will make to capture the large and profitable foreign business which Germany has created and carried on, and which has, unfortunately, in a great measure provided the sinews of war for this dreadful conflict that their aggressive ambition forced on the world.

Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred Giffey seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

1ST
PRIZE

£500

'BULLETS'
NEW-YEAR
OFFER!

2 ND PRIZE	10	10	50	400	1,000	3,000	3 RD PRIZE
£50	PRIZES OF £5	PRIZES OF £2:10/-	PRIZES OF 10/-	PRIZES OF 5/-	PRIZES OF 2/6	SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES	£10
FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS							

FIRST PRIZE - FOR THIS WEEK ONLY!

No. _____ Drawing Date, Thursday, January 17th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(269) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed _____

Address _____

If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 5/- must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 269. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. _____ Drawing Date, Thursday, January 17th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(269) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed _____

Address _____

If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

No. _____ Drawing Date, Thursday, January 17th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(269) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed _____

Address _____

If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for next week's "Bullets" Competition, No. 270. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, JANUARY 24th. Please note that all coupons to be used MUST be clearly marked with the number 270 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons MUST be addressed: "Bullets" No. 270, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons MUST NOT contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 270.

PANTOMIME JOKES IN A BAD WAY WILLING WORKER IDLE CHATTER WHAT PROFITEERS LIKE	ON SPECIAL DUTY ON RATIONS WHEN WIFE'S OUT KNOWING TOO MUCH FIRST WATCH	TELLING LIES MOST RIDICULOUS WHEN FATHER'S GAME STRIKING OIL PRETTY FAIR	HOLD AND BITTER CUPID'S BAIT WELL AWAY NEVER SWEAP THE KAMER'S THRONE
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BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prize among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a

postal order for 5/- made payable to John Bull and crossed and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be clearly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be delayed in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent and qualified Judge.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an implied condition of entry.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 269.

WHAT RUSSIA NEEDS
FOOD FOR ALL OF
WHAT GOTTSCHE LOWE
COMMON SENSE
THE NEW YEAR
SPECIAL CONSIDERABLE
SCRAP OF PAPER
STOOD ABOUT ENOUGH
DEALING WITH PRIZE
TIGHT SQUEEZED
BREAKING OF BENTLY
SPENT WITH CARE
MOST ATTRACTIVE
AFTER THE NEW
FOOD QUERIES
SHOULD BE STOPPED
WHAT NEXT?
MY YOUNG MAN
NOT BEHIND
PROUD FATHER
WITHOUT A MATE
WHAT ORDER DOES
TOO MUCH TALK
PLEASANT READING
TOMMY'S HELPING
HAVING HER FLING
BITTER ENEMY
LANGUAGE OF LOVE
PERSONAL GUILT
A FAIR POWER
EVERYBODY LIKES
THE KAMER'S THRONE

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

First choose any of the thirty-two examples given above. Then give TWO THIRDS of FOUR words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any ONE of the words selected must begin with ANY letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These examples will guide you:-

Example:-
EVERYBODY LIKES.

Bullet:-
A TRAIT OCCASIONALLY.

Example:-
PLEASANT READING.

Bullet:-
LETTER IN THE TRENCHE.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for postage. If more coupons are used, an entry fee of the rate of 4d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated Feb. 2nd.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYBODY'S dated Jan. 19th.

List of 10. From January 19th to "Bullets" Competition No. 270 will be continued in our next issue "Bullets" January 26th. Send your list of 10. and other prize-winning coupons to the Editor of "John Bull."

**FOR THIS
WEEK
ONLY!**

£500

**1ST
PRIZE**

Result of 266th "Bullets" Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. GEORGE LEE, 22, Elrick Road, West Hartlepool.
Example:—GROVER'S SHOP.
Bullet:—TRADING "ON" "SHORT SUPPLIES."

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. W. LOWE, 12, Frederick Road, Selly Oak, Birmingham.
Example:—EATING HUMBLE PIE.
Bullet:—GERMANY, WHEN "FORCED DOWN."

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. T. N. HILL, 122, Baskland Avenue, Dover.
Example:—KEEPING CHRISTMAS.
Bullet:—DORINGTON—"MUCH" AS USUAL.

TEN PRIZES OF £25 EACH:

Mrs. FOSTER, 18, Rochester Place, Camden Rd., London, N.W.:
WHEN PEACE COMES—THANK HEAVEN THEN TOMMY.
Miss L. WILLIAMS, 23, Craddock Road, Smethwick:
WHAT TOMMY SAYS—DOWN "ON GERMAN LINES."
Mr. A. SAUNDERS, 23, Marsh Gate Lane, Stratford, E. 15:
KEEPING A SECRET—TRUST THE "MIGHTY DEER."
Mr. A. FARGHARSON, Heath Cottage, Wyllie Street, Forfar, N.B.:
SIR ARTHUR YAPP—CHIEF ROLE, RICHMOND.
Mr. T. HARVEY, 36, Melbourne Avenue, Bowes Park, London, N.:
OUT OF POCKET—THE VOLUNTEER'S "REWARD."
Mr. W. S. SLEADERS, 44, Gordon Street, Glasgow:
MYN OF HATE—TOMMY THINKS "NOT AIR."
Mr. H. W. WILSON, 7, Woodbury Park Gardens, Tunbridge Wells:
HARD TO TELL—FUTURE "OFF HAND."

Mr. E. J. LEE, "The Laurels," Horns Road, Stroud:
GROCER'S SHOP—EVERYONE SEEMS "UP AGAINST."
Mr. F. EDMUNDS, 6, Tanyard Cotte, Cranbrook:
WISE WOMAN—ORDERS EVERYTHING BAR HUSBANDS.
Rev. E. H. MAY, Newlands, Kewick:
ONCE UPON A TIME—GERMAN "FAIRY TALES" AMUSED.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Cpl. H. V. ROBINSON, 66th Sanitary Section, B.E.F., France:
BUYING WAR BONDS—RUSSIA PREFERS SELLING THEM.
Mr. H. FULTON, 10, Lawd Brook Avenue, Belfast:
DRIVEN HOME—AFTER POLLING VERY SLEDDON.
Mr. A. K. PLATT, 19, Elder Mount, Blackley, Manchester:
STUFFING—HEAVY DEBTS WERE DREAD.
Signalman R. SIMPSON, C.O. 20, Fanny Street, Solihull, Yorks:
MIXING THINGS UP—WEATHER CLERK, THEN DOCTOR.
Mr. C. NEAL, 41, Belvedere Road, Beaky Heath, Kent:
STUFFING—TOMMY'S KNAPSACK SLEDDON NEEDS.
Mr. J. BURGESS, 65, Manchester Road, Heaton Norris, Stockport:
STRONG MAN—TILL HE BECAME INSURED.
Mr. J. WALKER, Boys' Council School, Pinxton, Nottingham:
STUFFING—NEW REAR—ARMY SUE.
Mr. S. JACK, 96, Errol Street, Liverpool, S.:
WISE WOMAN—NEVER "TOLD YOU SO."
Mr. J. CHRISTIE, 14, Harrowden Road, Inverness:
CLEANING THE WAY—FOR BUSINESS GOVERNMENT—WAR.
Mr. E. ELLIS, 16, Curlew Terrace, Fratton, Portsmouth:
OUT OF POCKET—THEN LAWYER DROPS POLITY.

No. _____	Closing Date, Thursday, January 17th.
Example Bullet	
Example Bullet	
(269) P.O. No. _____	Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on opposite page.	Address _____
If 4 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.	

"JOHN BULL'S"

GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving absolutely **FREE OF CHARGE**, an insurance against **ZEPELIN** and all other **AIR RAIDS BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, REBELLION or BLOCKADE**. Anyone can be insured, irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL from time to time.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named.	£200	Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb.	£200	Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
For the loss of one limb or one eye.	£100	Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10
For week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks.	£3		

ORIGIN FORM.

To be EXAMINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To:

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Send

Address

Jan. 12, 1918.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 where your name and the name of your newsagent will be duly recorded.

REGISTRATION FORM.

Which must be posted to:

The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Lang's, W.C.2

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your insurance scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death

Name of Newsagent

Address

Signature of Insured

Address of home

Jan. 12, 1918.

£25 REWARD

WANTED, the Copies of "JOHN BULL" for Jan. 5, 1918, bearing on the Covers the numbers 179,246, 384,712, 918,644 and 179,668, and 1,698,420. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid the sum of £5. Apply, THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, W.C.2.

Foster Clark's

The Creamiest Custard

Cream Custard

RILEY'S

Home Billiards

YOU WILL BE DELIGHTED with a Riley Billiard Table in the home. No matter how small your room is, there is a Riley Table to suit. Riley's Billiard Tables give a perfect game, so truly are they proportioned. Seven Days' Free Trial. Prices from £4 10s. The 4 ft. 6 in. size at £4 10s. Cash or 12 monthly payments of 10s. is suitable for most rooms. Riley's "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables from £15 cash, or in 12 or 18 monthly payments. These prices include all accessories & carriage to any address within 1 mile of railway station. Illustrated Catalogue Free.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Manor Works, Accrington
London Showrooms, 157, Aldersgate St. E.

The Food Beverage for all War Workers

Vi-Cocoa



That little home you've set your heart on—why not go to the "Midland" and furnish it to-day? Very little furniture is now being made, but at the "Midland" you still get over £100,000 worth of beautiful furniture to select from:—at the "Midland" the prices still give you the strictest possible value for every shilling you spend.

Money buys more at the "Midland."

Nowhere else can you get the benefit of the "Midland" Ideal Terms, which enable you to choose at your leisure and to pay at your convenience, out of income, without touching your War Loan investments.

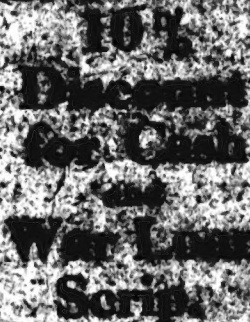
The "murder" charge is intended to drive witnesses. If not avail-
 himself of the Fifth Amendment, he will be charged with murder.

always pays to furnish an "all-
land" and the more the

Town or County).

Worth.	Per Month.
\$10	3 6
\$20	0 11 0
\$30	0 16 0
\$40	1 2 0
\$50	1 7 0
\$100	2 10 0
\$200	5 10 0
\$500	13 18 0

Larger amounts pro



Well-upholstered Chesterfield Settees, with or without drop ends as desired. Thoroughly well sprung and covered with various shades of art tapestry. £8 18s. 6d.

An increasingly small
share of their revenues
financially represents
covered in air
to customers' interest
Oxychem's largest in
the U.S.

Country Orders

Customers' fares to town
paid on all orders of £20
and over.

packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

**At the 'Midland' customers
can obtain
Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin and
Bombardment Insurance.**

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.

Contractors to H.M. Oregon Agents for the Delegation,
15 to 23, Southampton Row, Halfpenny, W.C.

Birth date from Graham and Nelson Reg. (Nelson)
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Report 2-000